

BELVAiry WON'T JOIN MERGER OF CHURCHES

Congregation Votes Against Uniting With Two Others in Downtown Section

Calvary Presbyterian Church will not merge with two other fashionable downtown churches, as proposed several days ago. The congregation, at a meeting held last night in the parish house, Fifth and Locust streets, rejected the proposed merger by a vote of 32 to 22. Resolutions favoring the union of the two churches—the Second and Third Presbyterian Churches—were passed, with the understanding that under no circumstances would Calvary be merged with either of them.

Whether for economical reasons, two of the churches will consolidate, remains to be decided. However, Calvary Church joins with another, it has decided the present site and retain the present name. A union of two of the churches could be arranged in the future, if this could be considered expedient by the denomination.

The Second Presbyterian Church, at Twenty-first and Walnut streets, rents \$150,000 annually for its upkeep. The church at Seventeenth and Spruce streets is reported to be \$25,000. Calvary Church requires \$10,000 each year. All three churches favor the retaining of their present sites of worship and each is loath to lose its name and identity in the merger.

Movies for Day Nursery

Movies will play a part in the support of the day nursery, at 1425 Locust street, one of the most important and efficient institutions of its kind in this city. Hereafter a local motion picture concern has arranged to show the pictures.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER XXXV (Continued)

NEITHER of the children had noticed the unvoiced silence of the streets, which had, almost suddenly, succeeded the noise of the carnival. What few passers-by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. They had passed by with their heads bowed and once one had stopped and looked at the scene.

"Well, old sport!" said Bobby in English, "anything you can do for me, the longer the little American boy and the lonely little Prince—happy from their gregariousness, from the satisfaction of that strongest of human inclinations, next to love, the social instinct. The conclave was out. His niece admitted them, and went back to her interrupted cooking. The children hurried to the window and looked out with the iron rail and its gas lantern, to the second floor.

In the sitting room the four-faced gazer was darting the table in a zig-zag rocking. She was as close as possible to the green-tiled stove, and she was looking very unpleasant; for the egg-broth, which was a large one, with an admirable setting she took off her slipper, and putting one coarse-stocking foot on the chair, she slipped it off, and putting the slipper into the stocking and working over it.

"Things looked unpropitious. The Crown Prince looked at Bobby. The fraulein looked at the clock. "You are fifteen minutes late," she snapped, and bit the damning thread—she was not angry, because she had forgotten her scissors.

"I'm sorry, but you see—" "Whom have you there?" "Whom have you there?" she looked like his grandfather when his tutor's reports had been unfavorable.

"A friend of mine," said Bobby, not a bit daunted. The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand William Otto, and she had never seen him before.

"Holy Saints!" she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy and her color came back. "For a moment," she muttered, "but not so. He is not tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!"

Which proves that, whether it wears the crown, it is always measured to the top of a crown. In the next room Bobby's mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the center of the table. They had laid the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the "bs" in "Bobby" so that the cake really read "Bobby—XII."

However, it looked delicious, and Ferdinand William Otto, amidst the blizzards of the doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln's head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke in the matter, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. He rushed into the room, and with his hand on his mother's, with one eye on the table.

"Mother, here's company to supper! Oh, look at the cake! B-O-B-Y! Mother!" "That's a very nice name," said Mrs. Thorpe, looking at the cake. "Poor Bobby," she said. "Suppose she had made it 'Bobby'." Then she saw Ferdinand William Otto, and she was somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends."

The Prince had brought his beetle together sharply, and bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annuette's when he went to have tea with her. Mrs. Thorpe was not startled, but at the kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand William Otto, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With quick tenderness she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Careless were strange to Ferdinand William Otto. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment he would have died for her! Mr. Thorpe came home a little late. He kissed Bobby twelve times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the fraulein, and gave the Prince the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the safe in the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and of course it's not our funeral anyhow—but there's a report that the Crown Prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old King is dying!"

"How terrible!" "Worse than that. The old King goes and so Crown Prince! I've closed up almost any sort of trouble! I've closed up at the Park for the night. His wife and he are locked through the doorway where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby must go around alone the way he has been. All Americans here are considered millionaires. If the Crown Prince could go, think how much money he would have!"

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REAL WAR MISSIONARY IS PHILADELPHIA GIRL

Miss Minnie Dwyer, Active in Red Cross, Now Recruiting Among Jews

Nothing seems too difficult for Minnie Dwyer. She has the knack of getting results. It is doubtful if there's a girl in Philadelphia, or in the country for that matter, who has done more for Uncle Sam and the Allies than she. Miss Dwyer lives at 730 Master street, when she is at home—but she has little opportunity to be there on account of the demands on her time.

If money is wanted for the Red Cross or the soldiers' tobacco fund, it is Miss Dwyer who starts the ball rolling in her district. When the Liberty Loan campaign was on, it was Miss Dwyer who explained the true meaning of it to those in the foreign sections and brought a big response. When sweaters and caps were wanted by the soldiers and sailors, it was Miss Dwyer who started all in her neighborhood knitting and made the manufacturers give up the woe.

There is a personal appeal in her talks when she asks people to help in the various good movements. There is the stamp of sincerity on every word she utters. She doesn't hunt around for picturesque language or try to conceive supposedly clever slogans.

She reaches the pocketbooks of the people through their hearts. If you have a conscience lurking anywhere in your system she will awaken it. Among many other things Miss Dwyer collected the money for a hospital unit to be located in England. She is now recruiting men to fight there in the English army and also collecting money for a fund to restore the buildings in Palestine. This is the Red Cross' Nursery, at 1425 Locust street, one of the most important and efficient institutions of its kind in this city. Hereafter a local motion picture concern has arranged to show the pictures.

and together they went in to the birthday feast. Ferdinand William Otto was hungry. He ate eagerly—chicken, fruit compote, potato salad—again shades of the court physicians, who fed him at night a balanced ration of milk, egg and zwieback! Bobby also ate hungrily and conversation languished.

"When the musical came when the first cravings appeared, they sat back in their chairs while Pepy cleared the table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Thorpe cut himself for a moment, and now he came back with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Bobby's coming of age, but his arrival at a year of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"BERT" objected the big boy's mother. "A toast! Each, honey?" he begged. "It changes it from a mere suggestion to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea, and was trying to make them happy on a night of stone stairs above a caterer's bureau that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the King's friends. Let us toast the good King and a brave soldier, Ferdinand of Livonia."

"They stood up to drink it, and even Pepy had a glass. Ferdinand Otto was on his feet first. He held his glass up in his right hand, and his eyes shone. He said, 'To his Majesty, the King of the King's health, and my number of times.'"

"To His Majesty, Ferdinand of Livonia," he said solemnly, "God keep the King!"

Over their glasses Mrs. Thorpe's eyes met her husband's. How they trained their children here! But Ferdinand William Otto had not finished. "I give you," he said, in his clear young voice, holding his glass, "the President of the United States—the President."

"The President," said Mr. Thorpe. "They drank again, except the Fraulein, who, disapproved of children being made to drink, and only pretended to sip her wine.

"Bobby," said his mother, with a catch in her voice, "don't you something to suggest—a toast?" "Well," he meditated, "I guess—would 'Home' be all right?"

"Home!" they all said, a little shakily, and drank to it. Home! To the Thorpes, a little house on a shady street in America; to the Fraulein, a thatched cottage in the mountains of Germany; and an old mother; to Pepy, the room in a tenement where she went at night; to Ferdinand William Otto, a formal suite of apartments in the palace, surrounded by pomp, ordered by rule and precedent, hardened by military discipline, and unsoftened by family love, save for the grim affection of the old King.

After all, Pepy's plan went astray, for the Fraulein cut the china baby, and Ferdinand William Otto the Lincoln penny.

"That," said Bobby's father, "is a Lincoln penny, young man. It bears the portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Have you ever heard of him?" "The Prince knows that penny, where you won't lose it," he said soberly. "It doesn't hurt us to try to be good. If you're in trouble, think of the difficulties Abraham Lincoln surmounted. If you want to be great, think how great he was." He was a trifle ashamed of his own earnestness. "All that for a penny, young man."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

10 Glasses of the Finest Jelly Made from 4 Oranges and 2 Lemons and 3 Pounds of Sugar

For 10 cents I will send full instructions and all details for making 10 glasses of the finest jelly, not marmalade, out of 4 oranges, 2 lemons and 3 pounds of sugar. Results are sure and certain. Your money back if you are not pleased, satisfied and delighted. H. T. Thomas, 605 Deen avenue, E. Thomas, Ky.

A SURVEY OF THE SCHOOLS

Are Philadelphia's Schools All Wrong? What the Critics Say—Need of an Intensive and Comprehensive Study—Board's Slow Action—Dr. Garber's Views

IS THERE anything radically wrong with the public school system of Philadelphia? If so, what? What is the remedy? These interrogations served as guiding themes in the examination undertaken of the charges that the public schools were falling in their mission of educating the children of today to be the good citizens of tomorrow, qualified to make their way in the world and inspired to genuine Americanism.

Constant criticisms have been made of late that the schools are neither efficiently nor economically conducted. Persistent demands have been made for a survey of the system to expose its faults and chronic mistakes and if there be any, to discover a remedy. Such a comprehensive "school study," recently made in Boston, was designed to show fundamental weaknesses, which might threaten the superstructure, and errors of detail in operation, which might need easily applied corrective measures, but which were not menacing. These two objectives were kept in mind as standards to measure the value of discoveries made by the writer and revelations made to him in this unofficial, impartial quest for "What is wrong with the Philadelphia schools?"

AN UNOFFICIAL "SURVEY" The investigator was chosen for this task for what were deemed apparent qualifications—knowledge of schools in three other cities, one larger and two smaller than Philadelphia; a fairly wide acquaintance among teachers and educators, who might be depended on to discuss weaknesses frankly, and sympathetic attitude toward the aims and ideals, difficulties and even failures of the public school system.

Several weeks were spent in the survey, which included intimate conversations with teachers, from kindergarten to high school professors; educational authorities, officials of teachers' associations, parents and school children. Theories were supplemented by laboratory tests of classroom observation, which showed the actual reactions of children to the schooling provided. This practical research was made without warning or knowledge of teachers or pupils. An open-minded view was possible, since the investigator's own schooling here, remote enough to furnish backgrounds and perspectives, yet not too far back to preclude continuous understanding of the peculiar educational problems of Philadelphia, and his philosophy and journalistic training sufficiently tempered in the discipline of life to bar favorable prejudices toward institutions or partisanship for pedagogical acquaintance. As a further precaution against biased conclusions, a number of interviews were had with absolute strangers, some of whose names were not asked. Thus, so far as this survey is governed by criticism, comment or commendations of the system by teachers, it is the peculiar reactions of friends of the writer, views of educators and teachers known by reputation and those of teachers purposely kept anonymous.

STANDING OF SCHOOL CRITICS Mrs. Mary V. Grice, president of the Home and School League, has been the most persistent and consistent critic of the public school system. Mrs. Grice is a civic-minded woman, who has done notable work in the interests of popular physical training, vocational education, and the study of civics. In its efforts to economize the board has so ruled that one might almost be led to suppose that it was with intention that work in these lines had been weakened. A study ought to make clear the policy that runs our high schools. We might learn from it the why of inequalities. If it is a question of more funds needed, why not begin to save

right at this point? By the simple expedient of putting the high schools on a basis of twenty-five pupils per teacher there would result an annual saving of more than \$250,000. Again, the striking gap between the enrollment of eleven in a class in one of the better schools as compared with an enrollment of seventy-two in a class in one of the elementary schools cannot fail to arouse questioning. Still again, a study might make clear the reason for the extravagance of running new schools for the preparation of teachers when surely the consolidation of the two would be more economical in overhead charges if nothing else.

There then are the general and some particular charges against the public school system. Are they justified? They have at least, stirred the Board of Education to definite action. "Economy through efficiency" is the slogan of the first annual report of Edwin Wolf, the new president of the school board.

The first step toward the adoption of the "economy through efficiency" plan was taken at the February meeting of the board. It was decided to appoint a committee to investigate the practicability of cutting down expenses and increasing efficiency through the means suggested by Mr. Wolf. The committee consists of William Rowan, Simon Gratz, Dinner Beeber, Thomas Shalleron, John Wanamaker and Franklin Mordley, chairman of the standing committees. Investigation of the school system by this committee has encountered delay because of the inaction of the committee in considering recommendations for improvements embodied in the annual report of the president of the board, upon which such action hinges. The value of discoveries made by the committee has not yet organized to act on the report.

Meanwhile an investigation by outside disinterested parties suggested by Doctor Garber, superintendent of schools, has been in progress. It is a study to be made of the school system of the city for the purpose of making a report on the degree of efficiency. I believe such a survey should be made by thoroughly disinterested parties, rather than by any group within the system. Such an investigation to receive public confidence, must be by disinterested persons.

How well the school system is being administered is not to be a perennial question in a community, and when doubt arises, the wisest course would seem to be to institute the kind of procedure best calculated to arrive at a true and reliable basis for a new basis for the interest and confidence of the public in its schools. As this matter has been raised through several important requests recently submitted to the board, and is also suggested in the annual report of the president of the board, I therefore sincerely hope that the board will see its way clear, through the committee in whose hands it has placed the matter, to secure an educational survey of the public schools of our city to be made by persons who are competent in considering recommendations and experience to arrive at the facts. Whatever weaknesses may be discovered and remedied; whatever there is of strength would thus be more likely to receive public recognition and approval.

A distinction, however, is drawn by an official of the board between "consolidation" and "reorganization." The latter is a term which is used to describe the process of putting the schools on a basis of twenty-five pupils per teacher. The former is a term which is used to describe the process of putting the schools on a basis of twenty-five pupils per teacher.

PREACH and practice economy in the home. Begin in the kitchen. Avoid loss of food by making it appetizing. Poor flavoring leads to wastefulness. Just try the world's best flavoring for food.

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"THE SHEET MUSIC SHOP" 1228 MARKET STREET PHILADELPHIA

REARRESTED AT PRISON GATE

Arrested as he was released from the Eastern Penitentiary where he served a three-year term for robbery, John Lyons, alias Jackson, a negro, is being held for requisition for Virginia, where he is wanted on suspicion of murder.

Warning is given that the two investigations must not be confused, and emphasis is laid on the board's asserted intention to disregard Superintendent Garber's suggestion of a "disinterested survey showing the good and bad."

The second article of this series will appear tomorrow.

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Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Buckwheat Cakes Corn Syrup Coffee LUNCHEON Cheese Omelet Souffle Steamed Pig with Cream DINNER—(Wheatless) Mackerel with Creole Sauce Baked Potatoes Spinach War Custard CHEESE OMELET SOUFFLE One ounce butter, one cupful milk four ounces grated cheese, one ounce flour, three eggs, salt. Put the butter and flour in a pan and fry slightly. The flour must be well done, but not brown. Add the hot milk, then pepper and salt and the grated

cheese, stirring quickly to make the cheese. When the mixture is getting cool, add first the yolks, then the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and the rest of the milk. Put this preparation in a buttered dish and cook for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve at once. WAR CUSTARD One tablespoonful butter or butter substitute, two or three squares grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls flour, one quart milk, four tablespoonfuls sugar. Put into a saucepan the grated chocolate and flour. Pour gradually on this mixture the cold milk, stirring well so as not to form any lumps. Add the sugar. Boil on a slow fire and stir constantly for ten minutes. Remove from the fire and add the butter, stirring until it melts. Pour into small cups and serve very cold with whipped cream. Custard made in this fashion is as good as if eggs were used.—Recipes from France in the Delicatour.

REARRESTED AT PRISON GATE Arrested as he was released from the Eastern Penitentiary where he served a three-year term for robbery, John Lyons, alias Jackson, a negro, is being held for requisition for Virginia, where he is wanted on suspicion of murder.

Warning is given that the two investigations must not be confused, and emphasis is laid on the board's asserted intention to disregard Superintendent Garber's suggestion of a "disinterested survey showing the good and bad."